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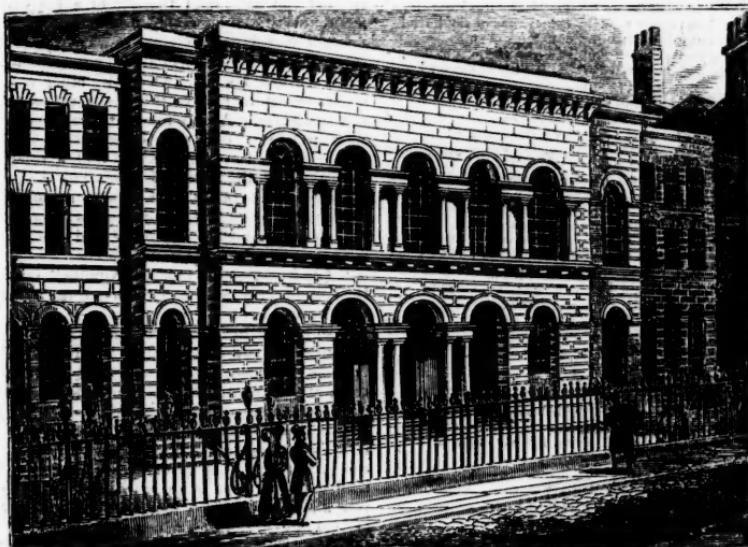
The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 931.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1839.

[PRICE 2d.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEW SYNAGOGUE, GREAT ST. HELEN'S.

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THESE splendid buildings occupy a site of freehold ground, where formerly stood a range of warehouses belonging to the East India Company ; they comprise, in addition to the Synagogue, a large open vestibule, with offices, entrances, and staircases to the ladies' galleries, a large vestry or committee-room on the one pair, 42 feet by 21 feet, and two separate residences for the reader and secretary. The first stone was laid on the 10th of May, 1837.

The façade is of Italian architecture, and extends about 110 feet from east to west. The centre is occupied by a spacious open vestibule, with coupled Tuscan columns, supporting three arches. Within the vestibule on either side are marble lavatories for the hands, and opposite are the three doorways leading to the interior of the building.

The upper part of the façade consists of seven large windows, with semi-circular heads, giving light to the large vestry-room and staircases. On each side of the central mass are the entrances to the ladies' staircases and galleries. The houses for the

officers of the Synagogue form the two wings. The centre part is crowned with a bold cornice and blocking of Portland stone, being a modification of the well-known Vignola cornice.

The effect, when lit up, must be particularly grand and imposing ; and although the light will certainly detract from the splendour of the painted windows in the ark, yet, as it is observed in the *Architect's Journal*, that if a few gas-burners were placed before them on the outside, they would show to even greater advantage than by day, and would diffuse a brilliancy and glow over the upper parts of the recess.

It is owing to the kindness of Mr. Davies, the architect, of Devonshire-square, that we have been enabled to lay before our readers the authentic particulars of the above noble structure in this and the preceding number.

Mr. Davies also lately erected the Marine Insurance Company Façade, Cornhill ; and Messrs. Rothschild's splendid Commercial Buildings, St. Swithin's Lane.

THE MIRROR.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

" England, with all thy faults I love thee still!"

(*For the Mirror.*)

BRITAIN! verdant, far-fam'd Isle,
How I love thy people's smile!
Happy are thy sons, and free,
Sons and heirs of Liberty!
Native oaks thy forests bear,
Future "wooden walls" to rear!
Plenty marks thy rural plains,
Honest hearts thy fleet maintains!
Land of my forefathers! Home of my birth!
Fairest art thou of the nations of earth!
Long may thy sons flourish,—the sons of the free;—
Hail, hail, far-fam'd Britain, fair isle of the sea!

Britain! Yes, I love thee still,
Memory tunes thy every rill;
Golden grain thy valleys bear,
"Hearts of oak" thy produce share!
Science nerves thy people's will,—
Commerce aids thy people's skill!—
Public good thy laws proclaim!—
BRITAIN! honour'd be thy name!
Land of my forefathers! Home of my birth!
Fairest art thou of the nations of earth!—
Long may thy sons flourish,—the sons of the free;—
Hail, hail, far-fam'd Britain, fair isle of the sea!

Britain! happy, peaceful land,
Long may Heaven thy guardian stand!
Treasure, then, each peaceful hour,—
Rest not, but increase thy power!—
Sleep not, for the foe is nigh,—
Sleep not, while the war-whoop cry
Tinkles in thy people's ear.
List! prepare thy disdain to fear!
Land of my forefathers! Home of my birth!
Fairest art thou of the nations of earth!
Long may thy sons flourish,—the sons of the free;—
Hail, hail, far-fam'd Britain, fair isle of the sea!

Britain! may the demon war
Perish 'neath thy conquering ear!
Wasted be the hostile pow'r!—
Sacred be thy battle hour!
Thine are sons, whose fair renown
Nations fear and worlds must own!
Great art thou! thy sons are free,—
Empires own their bravery!
Land of my forefathers! Home of my birth!
Fairest art thou of the nations of earth!
Long may thy sons flourish,—the sons of the free;—
Hail, hail, far-fam'd Britain, fair isle of the sea!

GEORGE.

THE BEAUTEOUS FAIR.

(*For the Mirror.*)

I saw a face—in the faint light
Of the moon's pale midnight glare;
And a tear glint'ning dim'd the sight
Of the eyes of "The beauteous fair."
I saw the smooth breast, and it heaved
Forth a sigh in the open air;
And felt as it flew it relieved
The heart of "The beauteous fair."
I thought that the sweet lips did move,
And silently breathe forth a prayer
For him whom she dearly did love,—
The choice of "The beauteous fair."
I thought that a footstep approach'd,
And fancied another was there;
But nought on the quiet encroach'd,
Save the sighs of "The beauteous fair."
Again, and a sweet gentle breath
Broke over the stillness of air;
Again it was quiet as death.
But where, oh where—"The beauteous fair"?
Her pure spirit had fled this earth,
And wing'd its way to regions—where
Her soul so pure receiv'd its birth,
In heaven now's "The beauteous fair!"

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS CHANCE.

Translated from the French.

(*For the Mirror.*)

As a young man of fashionable appearance was turning the corner of the Rue de Seine, he suddenly stopped, and, raising his glass, began to examine an old painting, hanging against the wall, with the air of a connoisseur. While thus engaged, his eye accidentally rested on the figure of a lad respectably dressed, standing in a dark corner—one hand covered his face, while the other was stretched out to receive the contributions of the charitable. At this moment two females were passing; one was enveloped in the ample folds of a plaid cloak, and a thick veil, through the latter of which one could distinguish the clear blue eyes of a young girl, sparkling like two brilliant stars through the gloom of night; the other had the appearance of a waiting-maid.

"Lend me some money, Ninette," said the young lady who had observed the boy, "I have forgotten my purse!"—"Well! and so have I, mademoiselle, I have but just sufficient to pay for crossing the Pont des Arts.—We must give you something another time, child," continued the soubrette to the youthful mendicant as she passed on.—"No, no—lend me what you have," replied her young mistress, laying hold of her arm, "we can go over the Pont des Tuilleries."—"But, mademoiselle, that is so much farther, and you know how uneasy madame is when we are too late—there! it is just striking two at the Institute."—"An additional reason that you should lend me your money quickly," added the young lady, in a tone of slight impatience. The two sous were dropped into the thin pale hand of the little fellow.

The young man who had been examining the picture, observing this interesting scene, directed his glass towards the lady, as she hastened away to make up for lost time, and in stepping over the wet pavement with the grace of an elegant Parisian, exhibited a foot and ankle of faultless symmetry. But, turning the corner formed by the quay at this place, she was soon out of sight. He then approached the little mendicant, who still held the two-sous piece, and placed in his hand a five-franc.

The poor little fellow, on discovering the amount of the donation, was quite overcome by feelings of gratitude—"Oh! you are very good, very kind, sir!—this is just as much as we want to pay our lodgings; without it our landlord would have turned us out, and my father must have slept in the street to-night.—Oh! sir, you have saved his life." And the poor fellow leant against the wall for support.—"What is your father doing, my lad?" said the young man, in a compassionate tone.—"Nothing, sir; he was a coachman, but was disabled by an accident,

and now he can do nothing ; while my mother lived she worked for him ; but since her death, we have been obliged to pawn our furniture, and I can do nothing. I have come out to day in despair to beg.—Oh ! how painful it has been—I can never do it again, but, mon Dieu ! to-morrow will come, would that I could work.”—“ And why not, my lad, you express yourself well ; I suppose you can read and write ?”—“ O yes, sir, and east accounts also ; my mother taught me.”—“ If your father has no objection, you shall be my servant, and I will provide for him too.” The poor lad, overwhelmed with gratitude, burst into tears, and could with difficulty express a wish that his benefactor should come and see his father. They turned into the Rue Mazarine. “ My name,” said the little fellow, “ is Thom, I shall be fourteen next Easter,” and he stood on tiptoe in order to appear to the best advantage ; “ I promise to be very careful, attentive, and faithful ; I can bear hunger without inconvenience—I am used to it. You can pay my wages to my father, after deducting the five francs which you gave me, and then, you know, I shall not have received charity.”—The young man smiled.—“ I shall thus do for my poor old father, what he did for me when I was helpless. Is not this right, sir ?—But here is the house. Excuse me if I walk first, sir, the passage is dark.” He led his benefactor through a winding passage, and up numerous flights of steps, until they arrived at a miserable garret, where they found the old coachman lying on a wretched pallet, surrounded by all the appearance of extreme poverty. He, of course, readily consented to the proposition of M. Amadée de Tainville, to take Thom into his service, and himself to the hospital of Rochefoucault.

Thom, equipped in a handsome livery, waited on his master the next evening, to ask if he had any further commands for him, and if he had acquitted himself to his satisfaction. “ Quite so,” was the reply—“ Are you content with your new situation ?”—“ Oh ! yes, sir,—there is but one thing that troubles me now,—If I could but thank the pretty girl that gave me the two sous yesterday.”—“ How do you know that she was pretty,” said his master eagerly.—“ It was her voice, sir,—oh ! that sweet voice still sounds in my ears ; I should know it a hundred years hence, if I were to live so long.—And, when I think,” continued he, “ that she preferred going round the Pont des Tuilleries rather than refuse to assist the unfortunate ! Perhaps I should not have attracted your notice, if it had not been for her.—But I hope to see her again.” And a tear of gratitude rolled down his sunken cheek. Amadée de Tainville sighed, and dismissed Thom for the night.

As the waiting-woman and her young

mistress turned the corner of the street in which they resided, a post-chaise dashed by them, and suddenly compelled them to draw up against the wall. “ How late you are, Antonine,” said M. Darblay, a grave and worthy magistrate of the *Cour Royale*, in a tone of reproof ; “ your cousin arrived unexpectedly in your absence, and the ambassador with whom he travels to Naples, having only allowed him time to change horses, he was obliged to leave Paris without seeing you. You are not yet personally acquainted with him, my child, and I wished to introduce you to each other before he set out for Italy, where he is to remain six months.”—“ I beg your pardon, my dear papa,” said Antonine, breathless with running, “ but it was * * *—“ Is your aunt worse, then ?” exclaimed Madame Darblay, eagerly.—“ No, dear ma, she is much better, but it was * * * Oh, I'll tell you another time ; at present, let us talk of my cousin Gustavus.”

About six months after this, M. Darblay was sitting one morning in his great armchair at a round table, strewn with books, albums, and journals of all sorts. An open letter, bearing the post-mark of Naples, lay before him ; Madame Darblay, seated by his side, held some embroidery, but her labours had evidently been suspended by something of greater interest.

“ So your nephew, madam, declines to become my son-in-law ; he has broken the connexion which his father and myself were so anxious to form, by marrying a stranger. I wish him every happiness, but I regret his marriage ; the prospect of uniting him to our family was the hope and consolation of my old age.”—“ Antonine is still very young,” replied Madame Darblay, timidly, “ and your rank in society, and her own inestimable qualities, will procure her a better husband than Gustavus ; but here comes Antonine,” added Madame Darblay, hastily seizing the letter, and putting it in her pocket.

Antonine approached her mother gaily, but soon perceived by her countenance that something disagreeable had occurred ; and, although she possessed the entire confidence of her parents, she would not increase their embarrassment by unseasonable questions. She, therefore, in order to withdraw their thoughts from the subject, whatever it might be, sat down at the piano, and, after preluding with great taste and delicacy, executed a slow and melancholy movement, from which she passed rapidly to a gay and lively air * * *. Dinner was announced, and M. Darblay, who had now recovered his habitual cheerfulness, led his wife and daughter into the dining-room.

During the afternoon, while M. Darblay was enjoying his usual “ siesta,” Antonine and her mother walked in the garden ; and the latter, after some hesitation, addressed

her daughter on the subject which appeared to press so heavy on her mind.

"Antonine, my dear, your cousin Gustavus is married!—you must think of him no more."—"It will not be difficult to comply with your request, my dear mother, as I have never seen my cousin," replied Antonine, calmly—"I only saw the post-chaise in which he departed for Italy."—"If Gustavus had known your merits," continued Madame Darblay, "he would not have renounced the engagement his father had made for him on his death-bed; therefore I excuse him. You arrived ten minutes too late! Singular chance!" added she, with a sigh.—"And if you knew the cause of that chance," said Antonine, gaily.—"My dear," returned Madame Darblay, recollecting herself, "there is no such thing as *chance*,—it is God who directs all things; and, what we call chance, is happy or unhappy, according as the cause that has produced it is good or bad."—"Oh! make yourself easy on the subject then—the cause was good. It will be all for the best. Who knows if I should have been happy with my cousin?"

The steam-bont, "la Ville de Corbeil," was on the point of starting from the quay de la Grève; the deck was crowded with passengers, and the smoke ascended from its funnel in a thick, black column, when a young man, followed by a servant carrying a portmanteau, alighted from a cabriolet, and jumped on board as the bell rang. The noise and bustle of starting having subsided, and each passenger having arranged himself with a view to his comfort during the short voyage, some began to read the poetry of de L'Amartine; others were engaged with the morning papers; but the greater number were leaning over the side, staring vacantly at the boiling foam occasioned by the wheels, as if listening to the grumbling of the gently gliding wave for being impeded in its course towards the sea. Things were in this state when heavy splash was heard at one end of the boat, and, immediately afterwards, a cry of "My father!"—My father is drowning!—Help!" A voice at the other extremity responded, "That's her voice, sir!" Another splash was heard, and, in a few seconds, two men were seen in the water, one of whom, who appeared to be an expert swimmer, supported the other with some difficulty. The boat was stopped, and the drowning man and his preserver were, with the assistance of ropes, taken on board; where the former soon recovered, under the tender care of his wife and daughter.

The "Ville de Corbeil" continued its voyage, and the passengers resumed their former occupations.

M. Darblay had a summer retreat on the banks of the Seine, not far from Corbeil, to which he sometimes retired from the active duties of his office. It was to this retirement

he was going on the present occasion, when, approaching incautiously too near the side, he fell overboard. As soon as he could speak, he eagerly asked to whom he was indebted for his life?—"To M. Amadée de Tainville," answered Thom, who was very officious in rendering every assistance to M. Darblay.—"Amadée de Tainville!" echoed M. Darblay, "your father was my most intimate college friend," added he, offering his hand; "but the military life he embraced separated us, and he fell on the field of battle. I am glad chance has made me indebted to his son for my life."—"Chance!" murmured Antonine, with her eyes full of tears.—"Might I ask the object of your voyage?" said Madame Darblay. "This question is not prompted by cold and idle curiosity, as you may readily imagine, but by the most lively interest in one to whom I owe so much."—"The truth is," answered de Tainville, "that I have no further object than a simple excursion in the environs of Paris." The Ville de Corbeil had, by this time, arrived at her destination. Madame Darblay, having first consulted her husband's looks, pressed de Tainville to do them the honour of accepting the hospitality of their country residence for a few days. Amadée accepted the offer without much hesitation; and, giving his arm to Madame Darblay, he led her on shore. Antonine followed, leaning on the arm of her father; and Thom and the waiting-woman, carrying the band-boxes, brought up the rear.

On a fine summer evening, some months after the events related above, the family of the Darblays, having ordered chairs to be carried to the terrace in front of their house, which commanded a view of the Seine, were enjoying the cool evening breeze, and admiring the rich landscape before them, softened by the last feeble rays of the setting sun. Antonine, who was sitting on her mother's knee, appeared thoughtful and melancholy; her eyes were alternately directed to her father and the river.—"Antonine," said her mother, "what is the matter with you? If you are unhappy at the thoughts of your approaching marriage, say so; there is still time to withdraw."—"Oh! I am not unhappy, but I am always melancholy when I look at the dark stream which winds along so tranquilly; I think of the frightful moment when it had nearly swallowed my dear father,—and then I think of his preserver! Oh! how I thank you for allowing me to love Amadée de Tainville."—"De Tainville is a noble fellow," interrupted M. Darblay, "and he is rising rapidly in his honourable profession;—I should be proud of such a son; and I therefore bless the chance that has given him to me as a son-in-law."—"Chance!" repeated Antonine with an air of abstraction, "mamma says there is no such thing; that every thing is directed by the hand of God."

The morrow was a joyful—a solemn day;

it was that of the marriage of Antonine Darblay and Amadée de Tainville. The neighbouring peasants had been invited to participate in the festivities, and were assembled in the court; the domestics, dressed in their best, and decorated with white favours, occupied the ante-chamber,—Thom alone was absent. Amadée, accompanied by his friends and relations, anxiously awaited his affianced in the drawing-room. She entered, leaning on her father's arm. The beautiful bride, enveloped in the graceful folds of a white veil, and resembling the figure of an angel surrounded by clouds, was presented to the friends of the bridegroom by her father, and Madame Darblay, on her part, introduced de Tainville to his new relations. The bridegroom, seizing the hand of Antonine, conducted her to the deep recess of a large window, the curtains of which were partly drawn, and, removing them, exhibited the figure of a mendicant. It was Thom dressed as when he asked charity in the Rue de Seine, and holding in his hand a two-sous piece. Antonine, after a little hesitation, recollected Thom, and, turning to Amadée, demanded an explanation of this scene.—“It is thus you have always appeared to my imagination;—since that day I sought you every where, but without success, till the fearful moment when Thom knew your voice.” Madame Darblay, observing the emotion of Antonine, approached to know the cause of it.

“Ah! my dear mother!” cried Antonine, hiding her face in her bosom, “you are right, —*‘there is no such thing as chance!’*”

¶.

[In commencing, with the New Year, a new volume of *The Mirror*, the Proprietor and Editor are anxious, by giving it a new feature, to evince their gratitude for the unwearyed patronage that has uniformly been bestowed upon it; and they conceive they cannot better meet the advance of improvement now manifesting itself in every branch of publication, than by furnishing

A SERIES OF ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

both in prose and verse, on all such topics as may be likely to prove most interesting and entertaining to the general reader. They commence with a First of a Series of ORIGINAL SONGS, written expressly for this work by Mr. MONCRIEFF, whose dramatic productions have so long been favourably known, and whose compositions of a similar nature in the Old Monthly, and other first-rate periodical works, some of which have been lately quoted in this publication, have been so much admired by the public. Other articles by popular writers are now in a course of negotiation, and will successively appear, rendering the *MIRROR*, together with its

other claims, equal to the most favoured publications of the day.]

THE WAITS.*

WRITTEN BY MR. MONCRIEFF,

For the Mirror.

OLE.

COME join with me, my jovial mates,
Let us sing a pleasant rhyme,
In praise of the Waits, the merry merry Waits,
Of the jolly Christmas time!
Oh how I love, all joys above,
To be woken in the mid of night,
In my snug bed lying,
By the gay Waits playing,
For taste of Heaven's delight.
While all is gloom and snow without,
And ever and anon they sing timely out,
“Good morning my merry masters and mistresses all,
We hope you will not forget the poor Waits' call!
Past Twelve o'Clock!”

* The admirers of the good old custom will be pleased to know, that those “*Harmonious Blasters*” of the night, *The Waits*, have this season been more general in their visits than ordinarily. In no parish of the metropolis have the “*worthy inhabitants*” had to wait for the Waits, but have, on the contrary, uniformly been waited upon by them. A copy of the gratifying notice subjoined was regularly left at all the houses in the aristocratic parish of St. George in the West, where Royalty itself, but for its absence at Brighton, might have had its “gentle slumbers” stolen upon by these “wandering melodists,” notes of melody awakening sweet echo, on the dull, and solemn hours of the night, and again, been lulled to repose with the soothing *CANDANZA* of their “Lullaby.”—It is painful, however, to reflect upon the possibility of the wo-thy quartetto, Messieurs Violin, Trumpet, Clarionet, and Harp, having been defrauded of their just rights by base pretenders to the “magic wand of Apollo”; but it is to be hoped that the precaution of the card, with the seal and stamp thereon,” will put all to rights. The *CANDANZA* to *Rory O'More*, *Murphy's Weather Eye*, and *Jenny Jones*, must have been a rich treat. The following is the notice referred to:

THE PARISH WAITS.

(In the original here the royal arms appear.)

“To the

Ladies and Gentlemen Residing in this Parish.

Ladies and Gentlemen, with sensible recollection of your past patronage on your wandering melodists, the Christmas Waits, we beg to offer our best compliments on the approaching festival, and trust to merit that liberal diffusion of your favours, which has enlivened and cheered our hearts for a series of years. We hope our notes of melody awaking sweet echo on the dull and solemn hours of the night has stolc on your gentle slumber, and again lulled you to repose with the soothing *Candanza* of the Lullaby.

Violin	-	-	-	-	-	J. PATER.
Trumpet	-	-	-	-	-	W. ABROT.
Clarionet	-	-	-	-	-	R. MOY.
Harp	-	-	-	-	-	T. MOY.

In respectfully taking our leave, we beg to remind you, that some who are pretenders to the magic wand of Apollo, will attempt to impose on your liberality, and defraud us of your favours, it may be necessary to say that we will produce our card, containing the names as above, with seal and stamp thereon.

* * Please to have the kindness to ask for the card with the seal and stamp thereon, before you make any contribution.”

How soft, how clear, the sounds we hear,
Through the dreamy midnight given,
So sweet they break on the ear, we wake
As 't were from death to heaven !

In some blest dream ourselves we deem,
For old tunes bring back old times,
The treasured, the past,
Too dear to last,

In the soul-waking memory's chimes.
Then, while to loving arms we creep,
Rejoic'd we've still so many hours to sleep,
They cry.—

"Good morning my merry masters and mistresses all,
We hope you will not forget your poor Waits' call !
Past One o'Clock !"

As the whistling winds play a symphony,
Midst the pause of the patterning rain ;
Like an angel visit of peace and glee,
Breathe some well-remembered strain.

It comes, a joy, without alloy,
Save the fear its spell to break,
Till we huddle the clothes,
Further over our nose,

And another turn we take !
With a prayer for those of less happy fates,
And dream sweet dreams of the merry merry Waits,
As they cry.—

"Good morning my merry masters and mistresses all,
We hope you will not forget your poor Waits' call !
Past Two o'Clock !"

Then from neighbour's to neighbour's house they stray,
And to sleep again we bow ;
While the sounds, in the distance, die away,
And we lose them, we know not how.

As they finely depart, in the echoes of the heart,
How sweet breathe those shadowy sounds.

At morning we deem
Them but so e pleasant dream,
To which memory joyfully bounds.
Then join with me, my jovial mates,
In praise of the Waits, the merry merry Waits,
While they cry.—

"Good morning my merry masters and mistresses all,
We hope you will not forget your poor Waits' call !
Past Three o'Clock !"

Manners and Customs.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.—No I.

Our Avant-propos.

SINCE opposition has so agreeably manifested itself on the high seas, and steam-boats running between Boulogne and London at five shillings a-head, have opened what the advertisements term a great facility of communication between England and France, our own watering-places have become gradually deserted, as those on the other side of the British Channel have increased in favour. This, accordingly, during the summer months, leads somewhere about nine-hundred people per week to Calais and Boulogne, (but chiefly to the latter place,) sometimes to bathe, sometimes to be out of the way, but more frequently to watch the oddities of foreign customs, and on their return say they have been in France; during which time they attend the Boulogne theatre regularly, in order that if they afterwards witness in London an adaptation (there are no translations now,) of any of the plays there represented,

they may be enabled to say "they saw it on the Continent."

But of these same nine hundred "travelling English," however, there is a large proportion that having tarried at Boulogne a week, get struck with enthusiasm when they hear the conducteur's horns and postillions' whips, as the "Aigle" and "Hirondelle" diligences to Paris start every morning from their offices in the Rue de l'Ecu, to their metropolitan stations in the Place de la Bourse and Rue St. Honore; and think, as they are so far advanced on the way, and have still some loose cash left, they may as well *see* Paris, especially as such an opportunity may never occur again. Accordingly, their places are taken by the "*commissionnaire*" of the hotel where they are staying; the young men go perched up in the "*banquette*" because they can smoke and see the country; the ladies, in the *coupé*, because it is genteel; and the servants and children (if there are any,) travel very comfortably behind in the *rotonde*, furnished with a basket of provisions, to save their dining at Abbeville at three francs a-head, off soup resembling lamp-oil and hot water shook together, sour wine, meat burnt to cinders, and hard apples and pears, all of which must be boiled if you do not wish to be left behind.

And now having finished a tedious journey of twenty-four hours, on long straight broad roads, divided into three partitions, of which the middle one is pavement and the two outside mud, bordered by thin melancholy trees, which seem to belong to the same spare genus as the French pigs, (and they are more like greyhounds than porkers;) having, we say, finished their journey, behold them at Paris, in an expensive hotel, and paying a little more than twice as much as they ought for everything they buy. Their demeanour is extremely eccentric also, and the newly-arrived English can always be marked at Paris. The first street they know the name of is the Rue St. Honore, and the first shop is Galilani's, because they go there to buy a Paris Guide—a book of great use, it is true, to strangers, but some of its descriptions rather over-painted. Well, then, they settle to stay a week at Paris, because they have read a plan for seeing that city in seven days; they admire the paintings and sculptures at the Louvre; have a *faire* to the Luxembourg, because they do not know the way; walk along the Boulevards to see the shops, and wonder there is not the perpetual fair going on there they have read of; get filled with album and firescreen sentimentality on seeing the monument of Abelard and Heloise at Pere la Chaise; and having expressed their astonishment at the Bourse, Palais Royal, Arc de l'Etoile, Madelaine, Pantheon, and especially the column in the Place Vendome, they stretch out their excursions to St. Cloud

and Versailles, acknowledge we have nothing like the water-works in England, and finally go to the French opera, because they recollect in the Drury Lane play-bills, the new ballets were always described as produced at the Academie Royale de Musique.

At the Cafés and Restaurants they are equally astonished. They dare not go at first by themselves, but engage a friend who knows what dishes to ask for; and afterwards, when they have their *demi-tasse*, their wonder is unbounded, because the *garçon* always pours out the coffee so abundantly in the cup as to make it run over into the saucer, and performs the same curious manœuvre with the *petit verre* of brandy. And finally, having seen all they can in the time, they buy cart-loads of trumpery, most of which is seized at the London Custom-house, from careless packing, and looking frightened on giving up their keys, and return home, having seized the opportunity for all their life to say they have seen Paris; and indeed they have, as far as its buildings, and a rapid and superficial glimpse at its manners are concerned, but there is much more behind the curtain that has escaped their observation. And to supply this void we have taken up our pen, in the humble wish of making these slight sketches stand in the same relation to Galignani's Guide, as the talented pencilings of our own widely-renowned Boz* have been to the Picture of London—sketches of life and manners, and not of bricks and mortar. And do not, gentle reader, think us presumptuous or conceited, in openly avowing our endeavour to resemble the style of the author of the *Pickwick Club*;—we are well aware *he* stands alone, but we pray thee regard us as young pupils, endeavouring to imitate the work of a great master—with what success we leave you to determine. We shall not worry you with statistics or dates: we shall not tell you in what year the Louvre was built, when the Tower of Nesle was pulled down, when Notre Dame was whitewashed, and who placed the statue of Henri IV. on the Pont Neuf—all this you can find in books: but we will strive to show you how our fellow-creatures move and act in the gayest capital in the world. And we are not writing from imagination, neither are they penned in a carpeted room, with a coal fire in our own country, but we date them from our *apartement meuble*, in the Rue de Vaugirard, with a tiled floor, three logs of wet wood sulkily burning on the hearth, refusing all the efforts

* In applying the epithet "widely-renowned" to this clever writer, we have not acted without reason. One afternoon in the past autumn we had an appointment with a friend at Milan, and while wandering round its splendid cathedral, and beguiling the time by inspecting the articles displayed on the stalls against its walls, we were much astonished at seeing a large cotton handkerchief, bearing the jolly countenance of Old Weller, and underneath, in sound English letters, "Vell Samivel my boy, how are ye?"

of an asthmatic pair of bellows to burst into flame, and a fine view of the towers of St. Sulpice, crowned with their telegraphs, and surrounded by innumerable chimney-pots, from the windows.

And thus, gentle reader, having given you an outline of our intentions, we respectfully make our bow. If you have not been to Paris, we may perchance give you a little idea of its wonders; and if you have—why perhaps even then we can tell you something new. And so accept our right good wishes for a happy season; and if you are paying us the compliment to be reading these outpourings of our mind and five-sous inkstand, to a Christmas circle, let me conclude, in the words of old Chaucer, with the English wish of "God spede all this fayre compainie."

36

KNIPS.

COAL MINES.

Breeding-Fire.—Its Formation and Consequences.

FROM the Alpha to its Omega, from the beginning to its end, the miner's work is fraught with perils and dangers. If he but approach a hitherto untouched section of coal, the first stroke of his axe may perhaps give vent to a turbo, or whirlwind of imprisoned gas, whose pernicious effects may overpower his life: and when his work is finished, and he walks over ground strewn only with the apparent fragments and relics of his former labours, he unsuspectingly treads upon a floor, which, like to that on which Satan trod, is of "burning marl." We allude to that which is known to miners by the phrase of "breeding-fire," an account of whose formation follows. After the side of a work has been excavated, a great quantity of small and refuse coal is left behind: in this it is that the breeding-fire is engendered. In addition to these heaps of coal and rubbish, there are partings in the coal, bituminous schist, which, when left, gets into the mine, and begins to heat like a hot-bed, or like a new hay-rick, as it presses together, till it fires by spontaneous combustion. This combustion, not being so immediate but that it will allow the workmen time to retreat, and not being so bad as to overcome vitality, nevertheless hinders them from working, and indeed rather endangers the mine than the men. This breeding-fire, when once enkindled, is often so difficult to be extinguished, that it is sometimes obliged to be drowned in water. It appears to be caused chiefly by the agency of water and the decomposition of the minerals. Thus, when by the falling of the roof the rock presses upon one of these particular heaps of refuse coal, and a little water drops upon it to damp it, (for decomposition goes on far more rapidly when water is admitted,) the steam first

arises exactly like the steam of a hot-bed. From this embryo, or incipient fire, the rest becomes so heated as speedily to ignite. The deeper the pit in which this collection of fragmentary matter lies, the greater likelihood is there of its taking fire more violently; for it is a very curious fact, agreeing with the observations of natural philosophers, that the temperature appears to increase about one degree of Fahrenheit for every twenty yards in depth, and would seem to furnish at least one argument in favour of the idea of a central fire. At the present day, however, we are glad to report that few perish by this fire, since it generally gives preliminary notice of its outbreak. In fact there are three who perish by the after-damp to one by the fiery ignition.

It would be well indeed for the workmen, if all other coming evils were equally ceremonious in apprizing them of their approach. It sometimes does indeed happen that timely notice is received, and the precipitation of the masses is not instantaneous. At such times, when a pillar of coal is about to fall, the best admonisher of the danger is Nature herself. When a piece of coal is on the point of falling, it makes a low crackling noise, just like the gentle noise of breaking a stick. Little pieces of coal, called the fore-runners, are generally heard to fall. The person who first hears the notice, (and their ears are very quick,) cries out immediately, "Listen," and everything is perfectly still: there is a death-like silence instantly, and upon continuance of the crushing of the coal, the men withdraw. This notice, however, is not in every case given, for masses frequently fall down without notice in the first instance, and accidents most commonly arise from this circumstance. Notice too of danger is in many cases afforded by the lamps of the miners, and by particular smells and odours, apprizing the miner of the existence of the pernicious gases. This is the case, both with the safety lamp and the naked candle, for the flame of both becomes lengthened, and in cases where the air is very noxious, the lamp indicates proximity to the danger by going out.

It would be of infinite advantage to mines if they could be lit without candles or lamps at all, and several modes have been tried: phosphoric lights, fish in a state of incipient putrescence, and various other schemes; but none of these proved effectual. At length a discovery was made by accident, which partially removed the difficulty, bringing into operation the principles of reflection. A carpenter, who was working at the top of the engine pit with a new hand-saw, turned it by accident to such an angle, that it reflected a pencil of the sun's rays down the shaft. The people who were working there were alarmed beyond measure: they thought it was no fire: they thought the blast of the rays

from the saw was an explosion: on investigation, the true cause of their alarm was discovered; the bright hand-saw operated as a mirror, and this gave the idea of the application of mirrors. Thus, supposing a shaft required repairing after an explosion, the method of proceeding to use the mirror would be in this way. A person would be placed upon the top always when the sun was shining, and the mirror placed at a certain angle, so as to throw the rays of light down the pit: the light so thrown down is sufficient to do the work, while the sun is shining: and the inflammable air arising from the workings below, which would not allow of lamps or lights, finds the sun's rays unexceptionable. On arriving at the bottom, and progressing into the dark, the experiment of reflectors is adopted: small mirrors are then used, which catching the pencil of rays from the surface, by the first mirror, thus throws the light to some distance, and this can be so governed as to throw the rays of light upon even a nail-head, or any minute object of that kind, but they are not got with effect beyond the first angle. This is one of the methods lately adopted, and is worthy of great praise. The accidents in mines, by the strict cautions now taken, are becoming much less frequent, though great amelioration is yet needed. The worst accidents are those which cannot, by reason of their nature, be anticipated, or foreseen. Such are those arising from falling portions of the roof—from the air collecting in cavities out of which the coal has been worked, and from unbroken fields of coal, and from former wastes. Others are attributable to carelessness on the part of the miners themselves. Due circumspection and rigid vigilance will greatly diminish the number, and indeed render them of rare occurrence. Such a consummation is most devoutly to be wished for.

W. ARCHER

A TRANSLATION OF
THE SONG OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(For the Mirror.)

ADIEU PLAISANT PAYS DE FRANCE
Oh! lovely France, farewell, farewell!
My country dear,
Where many a year
In youthful bias I loved to dance.
Farewell for ever happy days;
The ship which parts our loves, conveys
But half of me—one half behind
I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
A token of our endless love,
To bring the other to my mind.

Wm. Tamm

* Vide *Mirror*, vol. xxxii, p. 394.



THE FABLE OF THE CAT AND THE TWO SPARROWS.

A CAT lived in the greatest friendship with a young sparrow, and no wonder, for they were of the same age, and had, from their birth, occupied the same apartment. The bird often provoked his companion by pecking her with his beak, which she returned only by fowling him with her paws. The cat always spared her friend, never chastising him save in jest; and even then, she was very scrupulous not to make use of her talons. The sparrow, less circumspect, dealt heavy blows with his beak; but puss, like a sage and discreet individual, made allowances for these familiarities; for one should never seriously give way to anger among friends. As they had been intimate from their earliest youth, the force of habit maintained peace between them, and their frolics never had an angry ending. At length a sparrow, residing in their immediate vicinity, came to visit them, and was soon the inseparable companion of petulant dick and of sage puss. The two birds shortly fell out, and puss took part in the quarrel. "This stranger!" she exclaimed, "is behaving mighty prettily, to insult my friend. Is the sparrow of another to be the death of ours? No! by all that is feline!" and joining the combat, she seized and devoured the intruder. "Really!" exclaimed miss puss, "there is a most exqui-

site and delicate flavour about these sparrows!" This profound reflection occurred to her often afterwards, till, no longer able to restrain her appetite, she fell upon and made a meal of her friend.*

Venerable Relic.—In the very ancient ecclesiastical structure called King's Chapel, at Islip, in Oxfordshire, formerly stood a stone font, which was used, as tradition affirms, for the baptism of Edward the Confessor, more than 800 years ago. It has long been displaced, and now occupies a far less pious position in the gardens of Sir Henry Brown, who resides not far off, at Nether Roddington, and affords free access to this antiquarian curiosity.

* Extracted from "Fables by the most eminent British, French, German, and Spanish authors," illustrated by numerous engravings, after original designs by J. J. Grandville, now publishing by Tilt. We hail this work as extremely opportune in its production, possessing an affluence of the richest efforts of the various artists employed. We have long considered a selection of the best fables from the most esteemed authors of all countries, a most desirable object, and have the good fortune to see this desire borne out to its fullest extent. The excellence of the typographic portion, the fineness of the paper, and the quantity, render this certainly one of the cheapest and most entertaining publication of the day.

Biography.

L. E. L.

AT a time when every valley was ringing, and every hill re-echoing with her minstrelies; when the Helot in his homestead, and the lordly Archon in his gilded room, were equally charmed with the melody of her songs, Greece was suddenly struck with panic and astonishment at hearing that the enchantress of their days had, in a fit of delirium, ended her existence; — that, from the pinnacle of a steep rock, Sappho, the Poetess, had plunged, and perished in the gulf below.

The gloomy and melancholy feeling which spread over Greece, is repeated at this moment in our own land. Another Sappho, the amiable Mrs. Maclean, better known in the literary world as "L. E. L.", under distressing circumstances, was found dead in her apartment shortly after her arrival at Cape Coast.

Of this fair being, who, while she breathed the breath of life, was universally admired in the sphere through which she moved, endeared to every one around her by the affability and amiableness of her manners and conversation, every incident, which is at all connected with her life, cannot but be entertaining. Of those who have led literary lives, the most difficult task the biographer has to encounter, is the general paucity of information to be collected relating to the earlier period of their lives,—a period when, as yet, they were unknown to the world, and when their talents were confined within the limited round of their acquaintance.

To that bright quarter of the earth to which we alluded above, her spirit, in its early years, seems to have been much attached. This we gather from a circumstance which was told to the reminiscent by a highly veracious and respectable lady of literary pretensions, who was well acquainted with her, and in whose family she had long been a delightful visitant. Though simple in itself, we cannot but think that it evinces the bent of a powerful mind, desirous of attempting great and noble subjects, and seeming, at that premature age, already marshalling itself for mighty things.

It was at the latter part of the day, when the family were sitting at dessert, and discoursing upon various subjects, that the emby Poetess was one of the company. She had long been observed to have been thoughtfully inclined, or, rather, lost in a sort of abstract mood. All on a sudden, to the no inconsiderable surprize of the assembled family, she sprang up instantly from her seat, and, with flushing eyes and uplifted arms, exclaimed, "O that I were a Spartan."

From this minute circumstance may be

traced the tendency of her mind to subjects of a courageous and heroic nature; and those that are acquainted with her works well know that their predominant characteristic is the chivalrous or Spartanesque spirit which they breathe. Her mind is ever revelling amid scenes of gallantry and knighthood,—plumed minstrels and harped love-songs,—valorous knights and high-born ladies.

Our readers will remember, that, at the appearance of her Poem, entitled "The Vow of the Peacock," the edition was embellished with a fair frontispiece, representative of the amiable Authoress herself. Her appearance, indeed, was most prepossessing; her figure was what might be comprehended by the phrase "most lady-like," and her attire was altogether beautiful for its simplicity and elegance. The same lady who favoured me with the foregoing anecdotal reminiscence has described her to me, (as she knew her in her younger years of a somewhat different cast of figure and style,) as being rather round of figure, with a very healthy, rosy countenance, generally full of smiles and happiness; possessing a voice, not of a musical treble, but of a deep, or rather, melodious barytone. In after years, however, what from studious habits, and a quiet sedentary disposition, natural to a literary life, there is no wonder that she should have become more delicate of frame.

We have before mentioned this name, dear to every lover of literature, in juxtaposition with that of Sappho, and, in more instances than one, do we think that their lives and peculiarities assimilate. The majestic march, observable in the Sapphic compositions, is exactly answerable to the stately pace which some of the verses of L. E. L. assume. Hers, too, like her impassioned predecessor, are full of fire, and energy, and melting sweetness. We would have given a third part of a kingdom to have had any of Sappho's subjects purposely composed on by L. E. L. We are convinced it would have been like the reflection of a face in a mirror—they would have been one and the same—the similarity would have been so great. Let any one first read Sappho's fragmentary Ode on the "Extasies of a Lover," and then recall the impression which the spirited poems of L. E. L. have left on his mind, and we feel persuaded they will acquiesce in our opinion, the general features bear so close a resemblance.

And, in the circumstances of their decease, there is, indeed, a greater similitude than may at first be apprehended. Both seem to have anticipated their death. The last letters, written by Mrs. Maclean, breathe a melancholy air. The phrase which Sappho employs at the conclusion of the Ode before cited, (the Raptures of a Lover,) of "τεθύακην δολγην πιθεύεια," indicating that

she wanted little of dying," or, that her death was but a short way off, was exactly of the same nature.

A lady of such brilliant talents, so distinguished an ornament to her country, should never have quitted a soil where she had passed all the flattering season of her life, for a climate so pre-eminently infested with swamps, fevers, and pestilence. Her marriage,—her love, as in the case of Sappho, impelled her into that gulf in which she has perished.

Meantime, blessed be her gifted spirit, while the tears of regret will be the incense which shall sorrowfully fall upon the altars which she has raised for herself, in the bosom of every intellectual son and daughter of the land.

W. ARCHER.

MEMOIR OF
MRS. GEORGE MACLEAN,

THE WELL-KNOWN "L. E. L."

"Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance more dear."

This "richly-gifted being" was the daughter of an army-agent, and niece of the late Dr. Whittington Landon, Dean of Exeter, and Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, (who took a sincere interest in the welfare and fame of his matchless relative.) Having had the misfortune to lose her father when very young, and her brilliant talent soon becoming manifest, she appeared before the world, while little more than a child, as an enthusiastic and delightful literary labourer. Her earliest efforts were made in the pages of the *Literary Gazette*. "To her honour, it must be added," says the Editor of the *Athenaeum*, "that the fruits of her incessant exertion were neither selfishly hoarded, nor foolishly trifled away, but applied to the maintenance and advancement of her family." In an existence so devoted to literary pursuits as that of Mrs. Maclean, few incidents can be expected that will interest the general reader,—her life is to be found in her writings,—they are the best evidence of the glorious use she made of the invaluable time that was allotted her. Among her principal poetical works, were—"The Vow of the Peacock,"—"The Troubadour,"—"The Golden Viollet,"—"The Improvisatrice," and "The Golden Bracelet." Her latest published lyric, "The Polar Star," written while at sea, appears in the current Number of the *New Monthly Magazine*; and this beauteous composition is a splendid proof of what she was capable of, and doubtless would have accomplished in the new scenes of life upon which she was entering, had it pleased God to have prolonged her life.

The three novels, by Miss Landon,—"Francesca Carrara,"—"Ethel Churchill,"

—and "Romance and Reality," are delightful stories of sentiment and gay life, and attest her powers as a prose writer.

In the year 1838, Miss Landon having married Mr. George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, sailed for that pestilential climate in the month of July, and reached her destination some time in October, and her decease, as we have stated, (vide p. 9.) took place on the fifteenth of the same month. A few days before her dissolution, Mrs. Maclean addressed several communications to private friends and to persons connected with literature in England, briefly descriptive of her new position, and touching on her future plans for the acquisition of fame. Of these, the last she was ever permitted to sign, and which was actually conveyed by the same vessel that brought the melancholy intelligence of her sudden death, is full of hope and feeling.

The following extract of a letter from the Rev. Thomas Freeman, Westleyan missionary at Cape Coast, conveyed to the public the first intelligence of the melancholy cause, which deprived England of one of its brightest literary characters.

"Cape-Coast Town, October 16, 1838.

"Here I would gladly close my letter, but, alas! alas! I feel it my painful duty to record the awfully sudden death of poor Mrs. Maclean—not occasioned by any sickness peculiar to this climate, her general health having been very good from the day she landed until yesterday morning, when she was found dead in her room, lying close to the door, having in her hand a bottle which had contained prussic acid, a portion of which she had taken, (as was proved by the surgeon,) the remainder being spilled on the floor. She had been seen, a short time before, in apparent good health and spirits. A letter was found, which she had written to a friend in Scotland, dated the same morning, in which she expresses herself as satisfied and pleased with Cape Coast and its inhabitants, and as finding every thing here much better than she had expected. (She told me the same eight or ten days ago, or thereabouts.) On the body being thus found, a jury was immediately summoned, composed of the European merchants of the town, (I was not among them,) and the nature of the evidence given was such as they considered would authorize them to give a verdict to the following effect:—It is thought that she was seized with spasms in the stomach, (with which she was often troubled, being subject to them,) and took an over-dose of prussic acid, as she was found dead on the floor of her bed-room, close to the door, with the small bottle in her hand. It is supposed that she took an over dose, which killed her. Mr. Maclean had been very ill with the same complaint, (the spasms,) while she only felt

them for a short time at once, not enough to make her ill. Indeed, whenever I have seen her, (which was often,) she always appeared in high health and spirits. We all deeply deplore the event."

We cannot more appropriately close this brief sketch, than in the following words of the editor of the *Literary Gazette*—they are written with a feeling of the deepest and most sincere regret—the pure outpourings of a wounded heart—and do alike honour to the writer and the lamented object of his grief—“To express what we feel on her loss is impossible—and private sorrows of so deep a kind are not for public display:—her name will descend to the most distant times, as one of the brightest in the annals of English literature; and whether after ages look at the glowing purity and nature of her first poems, or the more sustained thoughtfulness and vigour of her later works, in prose or in verse, they will cherish her memory as that of one of the most beloved of female authors, the pride and glory of our country while she lived, and the undying delight of succeeding generations. Then, as in our day, young hearts will beat responsive to the thrilling touch of her music; her song of love will find a sacred home in many a fair and ingenuous bosom; her numbers, which breathed of the finest humanities, her playfulness of spirit, and her wonderful delineation of character and society—all—all will be admired, but not lamented as now. She is gone; and, oh, what a light of mind is extinguished what an amount of friendship and of love has gone down into the grave!”

49.

GALLUS.* OR THE DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE ROMANS,

IN THE AGE OF AUGUSTUS.

The above work, by Professor Becker, of the University of Leipzig, was lately published in that city, by Fleischer: it is a production of vast research and learning; illustrative of the “Life” of the Roman People. As the work will shortly appear in London, we shall merely, for the present, quote a few extracts from those parts which treat of the *Libraries*, *Books*, and *Booksellers*.

THE LIBRARIES.

“That an extensive library should form part of the house of a learned and eminent Roman poet, is what might be naturally expected, and to take no notice of it would be

* CORNELIUS GALLUS, a Roman poet, was born about 69 B.C. at Forum Julii, but whether in Gaul or Italy is uncertain. He was intimate with Virgil. Augustus employed him in his war against Anthony, and rewarded his services with the government of Egypt. This elevation proved unfortunate; for being charged with peculation and conspiracy, his property was confiscated, and he was condemned to exile; in consequence of which he put an end to his existence in his forty-third year.

rather an extraordinary omission. However, we should doubtless make a great mistake were we, either with reference to ancient or modern times, to draw from the presence of a costly collection of books a favourable conclusion as to the scientific knowledge or literary acquirements of the owner. What in the early periods of Roman history was felt to be a want only by a few learned individuals and patrons of learning, became gradually an object of luxury and fashion. The most ignorant then wished to appear learned, and every man of *ton* aspired to the possession of a rich library, though he might never look into a Greek poet or philosopher, perhaps never read even the titles on the rolls, and derived all his gratification from the outward appearance of his collection.

“A very different use was certainly made of their libraries by Cicero, Atticus, Horace, the elder and the younger Pliny, and the same may be presumed of Gallus. At all events, that a library was in his time regarded as a necessary sort of furniture, may be inferred from what is stated by Vitruvius, who treats of it as of any other division of a house. According to his direction, libraries should look towards the east. With respect to their arrangement in other respects, we have obtained further means of forming a judgment by the excavation of Herculaneum, which led to the discovery of a library with its rolls. Around the walls of this apartment were cupboards of little more height than a man, in which the rolls were deposited. There was besides in the middle another row of cupboards, which divided the room into two parts, so that the sides only formed passages. The apartment was therefore tolerably well suited to the preservation of books, but not to the perusal of them on the spot. A small room might thus be made to contain a considerable number of rolls, and accordingly it appears that in general the ancient libraries did not occupy much space. That discovered in Herculaneum was so small, that a man with extended arms could almost reach from the one wall to the other.

“It is uncertain whether the Romans kept their books in open repositories, close wall cupboards, or *armarium* (a press, or locker.) Juvenal expresses the word *foruli*, (shelves;) while others say *columbarium*, (literally a pigeon-house: what we now designate pigeon-holes. Indeed some authors assert the books were deposited in what were called *scrinia* (caskets wherein jewels were kept.)

“After Asinius, Pollio placed the portraits and busts of celebrated men in the library, which he made public; the example began to be followed in private libraries. Of this there is an interesting confirmation in *Mart.* ix., where the poet in the first epigram sends the inscription for his portrait to *Avitus*, who wished to give it a place in his library.

“A great number of slaves of the class *librarii* (transcribers) were employed in various bibliothetic services. The term indicates in a general sense every thing which has relation to the act of writing and MSS. and they were therefore also merely called *scribæ*. Under this name, however, they are to be distinguished from the *scribæ publicæ*, who were *liberi* (amanuensis)—(free,) and formed a particular order of their own; and next from the *bibliopolæ*, (a bookseller,) who were also called *librarii*, and who had with the *librarii* of the libraries a sort of business intercourse, whence naturally arises the idea of the sale of works transcribed on their account. Among the transcribers were some whose occupation was to relieve library students from the burden of making extracts, the fittest for the business were short-hand writers—those stenographers of antiquity whose dexterity is perhaps unsurpassed by the moderns: they had a method also of secret writing by changes and transpositions of letters.

“It appears that, when the old Roman text began to be converted into a running hand, those who adhered to the ancient formal uncial character were called *antiquarii*, with as much propriety as that name was given to the writers who designedly selected antique, or abstruse and profound subjects.

“The *librarii* were, however, not only transcribers, but also bookbinders, if that word can be applied to rolls. Respecting their occupations, see the following dissertation on

BOOKS.

“The material on which works were chiefly written was the fine bark of the Egyptian papyrus. By manipulation and bleaching it was brought to such perfection in the age of Augustus, that the fabric which had before been the best, became only the third in quality, while the first rank was then occupied by that which was named *Augustus*, after the Emperor; and to the next sort was assigned the name of *Livia*. There were several manufactoryes of the article in Rome. Pliny enumerates altogether eight sorts, the lowest of which, the *emporetica*, (brown, or packing paper,) could not be used as writing-paper, and was only fit for packing.

“The narrow strips of paper, only about the width of six fingers, as found in Herculaneum rolls, pasted together, became *paginae*, *schedæ*, (a page, or leaf of a book; but, according to Martial, it signifies the last strip of the roll.) The rolls varied in breadth, as, of course, they did in length. The Herculaneum rolls are in general the width of a Neapolitan palm, (three inches,) but some are narrower.

“After the discovery of Eumenes of Pergamus, the most practical material, next to papyrus, was parchment; the use of which, however, was very limited, as it was probably

much the dearest. Though writings on leather, or even on silk, are mentioned, they must be regarded as belonging either to the imperfections of the more early, or to the singularities of the later times, or perhaps nothing of the nature of books is meant.

“The ink used in writing was a kind of Indian ink prepared from lampblack. What Winkelmann says agrees pretty well with this—The Herculaneum manuscripts are written with a kind of black pigment, very much resembling Chinese ink, but which has more body than the common ink. When the manuscript is held against the light, the character appear somewhat elevated. That such was the nature of the ink is proved by some found in an inkstand.” We must also conclude from what appears in Persius, though the scholiast denies it, that the fluid secreted by the *sepia* was used for writing.

“The ancients do not seem to have been acquainted with any artificial sympathetic ink, by which the writing might be made to appear after a particular treatment, known only to those instructed in the secret. However, they were no strangers to the use of some natural substances, such as milk or vegetable juices, in effecting the same object.

“A reed, the best kinds of which are brought from Egypt, Guidus, and the Annian Lake, was used instead of the pen now commonly employed, and it was cut in much the same manner.

“In one of the frescos discovered in Herculaneum, there is such a *calamus* (a reed) lying across an inkstand.

“The writing was, frequently at least, divided into columns, between which lines were drawn, probably with a red colouring matter. In the Herculaneum rolls these lines appear white, for which the circumstances under which they were found will readily account. A book had its title both at the commencement and the end.

“According to the regular practice, the *charta* or *membrana*, (paper, or thin skin,) had writing on one side only.

“The custom with regard to unimportant or valueless writing, as for instance that consumed by children for practice in the course of their education, was to use no new material.

“These *opisthographa* (paper, &c., written on both sides) were besides used for notes, memorandums, selections, or even essays, of which clean copies were afterwards to be made. When a book was held to be of no value, its contents were washed entirely out, and the paper served for a new manuscript, which was then called *palimpsestus*. The back or blank side of books were stained with cedar or saffron colour, doubtless to protect them from moths and worms.

“On the book being completely filled with

writing to the end, it is probable that the stick or reed on which it was to be rolled, was then usually attached to the last page or strip. These reeds, which are to be seen in the Herculaneum rolls, do not stand out from either end, but have their extremities within the surfaces of the cylinder's base. They are supposed to be the *umbilici* (middle) of the ancients.

"A small stick was passed through the tube, which formed, as it were, the axis of the cylinder, and to the two ends which projected beyond the disk, ivory, gilt, or painted knobs were affixed. These knobs are precisely the *cornua* or *umbilici* (corner and middle.)

"Previously, however, the bases of the roll were carefully cut, smoothed with pumice-stone, and coloured black. It is here worthy of remark that the pictures discovered in Herculaneum and Pompeii present nothing that can be considered as properly resembling these knobs, and that even no trace of them is found in the Herculaneum manuscripts.

"For the better preservation of the rolls, they were wrapped in parchment, which was coloured externally with the fine yellow of the *tutum lutea*.

"Finally, the title, *titulus*, *index*, was appended; and it was written on a narrow slip of papyrus or parchment, with a deep red colour, *coccum* or *minium* (scarlet or vermillion.) It is, however, not so easy to determine where this ticket was placed. Winkelmann's reference to a ticket hanging from the roll, as in Herculaneum paintings, is not satisfactory; for this circumstance does not correspond with the citation to be made from Tibullus. What appears to be most reasonable is to suppose with Schwartz that the ticket was placed upon the top of the roll.

"Winkelmann does not admit that the rolls were bound, at least there was no trace of any fastening to be found in Herculaneum.

"To conclude, I must not omit to mention, that it was usual to have the author's portrait painted on the first page.

THE BOOKSELLERS.

"When a decided taste for domestic and foreign literature began to spread, and the possession of a library became indispensable to the learned, or those who affected to appear learned, it was in the natural course of things that some individuals should make it their business to satisfy the new want. Copies of the laws were sold by the *librarii*. Under Augustus, the relations of the trade became still more palpable, and Horace names the brothers *Sosii*, by whom his poems were sold. These *librarii* transcribed books themselves, and kept assistants for the more rapid multiplication of copies. They were also called *bibliopolæ*, iv. 71.

xiii. Their business appears to have been considered entirely mercantile; wherefore requisites for the labour were valued more than correctness.

"Authors, therefore, who wished to favour their friends, read the copies which were made for them, and corrected the blunders of the transcribers. *Mars. vi. 2.*

"In Martial's time these *librarii* or *bibliopolæ*, had their shops (*taberna*) for the most part round the Argiletum. There were, however, some in other places—namely, in the *Vicus Sandularius*. There the titles of the books for sale were hung up at the shop-doors, or, if the *taberna* was under a portico, on the adjoining pillars.

"The price at which books were sold appears really moderate, especially as the expenses of external ornaments must be included in the charge.

"In what relation the bookseller stood to the author is not one of the least interesting of the questions connected with this subject. An opinion has prevailed that the ancients wrote only for honour and reputation, and never thought of obtaining any pecuniary reward for their literary labours. If, however, this may be regarded as in general true, more particularly in the earlier times, still there is no reason to doubt that in certain cases authors obtained a positive profit from their works. If Plautus and Terence sold their comedies to the *Ædiles*, it cannot be regarded as extraordinary that other authors should accept remuneration for their labours. The elder Pliny was offered by a private individual 40,000 sestertes (80,000 francs) for his *Commentarii Electorum*. This, it is true, was not the offer of a bookseller, but such transactions between them and authors are often indicated by Martial; as, for example, when he directs those who wished to obtain his poems by presents or by loan, to go to the bookseller and buy them; and elsewhere he speaks of poetry as a miserable occupation, and of the scantiness of the remuneration compared with that obtained by other productive employments; and complains that he was nothing the richer for his epigrams. This, however, does not exclude the idea of some sort of bargain with a bookseller; and it, indeed, is not conceivable that Martial should, without obtaining any advantage to himself, look on like an indifferent spectator, while Tryphon, or Secundus, or Pollinius, was driving a thriving trade with his poems, for many books could not fail to prove very productive articles of commerce. Besides, there were booksellers, not only in Rome or Greece, and wherever Grecian learning had found a home, but Roman literature was spread through the few civilized provinces. On this account Horace says of a good book, '*trans mare curret*,' and for the same reason Martial found readers in Gaul and Britain."

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The Public Journals.

LONDON.

[THE following graphically-written *tableau* is extracted from the last number of *Nicholas Nickleby*, wherein the hero of the tale is entering "The Great Metropolis" on the top of a stage-coach.]

"They rattled on through the noisy, bustling, crowded streets of London, now displaying long double rows of brightly-burning lamps, dotted here and there with the chemists' glaring lights, and illuminated besides with the brilliant flood that streamed from the windows of the shops, where sparkling jewellery, silks and velvets of the richest colours, the most inviting delicacies, and most sumptuous articles of luxurious ornament, succeeded each other in rich and glittering profusion. Streams of people, apparently without end, poured on and on, jostling each other in the crowd, and hurrying forward, scarcely seeming to notice the riches that surrounded them on every side; while vehicles of all shapes and makes, mingled up together in one moving mass, like running water, lent their ceaseless roar to swell the noise and tumult.

"As they dashed by the quickly-changing and ever-varying objects, it was curious to observe in what a strange procession they passed before the eye. Emporiums of splendid dresses, the materials brought from every quarter of the world; tempting stores of every thing to stimulate and pamper the sated appetite, and give new relish to the oft-repeated feast: vessels of burnished gold and silver, wrought into every exquisite form of vase, and dish, and goblet; guns, swords, pistols, and patent engines of destruction; screws and irons for the crooked, clothes for the newly-born, drugs for the sick, coffins for the dead, and churchyards for the buried—all these jumbled each with the other, and flocking side by side, seemed to fit by in motley dance like the fantastic groups of the old Dutch painter, and with the same stern moral for the unheeding restless crowd.

"Now were there wanting objects in the crowd itself to give new point and purpose to the shifting scene. The tags of the squalid ballad singer fluttered in the rich light that showed the goldsmith's treasures, pale and pinched-up faces hovered about the windows where was tempting food, hungry eyes wandered over the profusion guarded by one thin sheet of brittle glass—an iron wall to them; half-naked shivering figures stopped to gaze at Chinese shawls and golden stuffs of India. There was a christening party at the largest coffin maker's, and a funeral hatchment had stopped some great improvements in the bravest mansion. Life and death went hand in hand; wealth and poverty stood side by side; repletion and starvation laid them down together."

WESTMINSTER HALL, DURING THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS.

On the 13th of February, 1788, a day which will be ever memorable in English annals, Mr. Burke appeared in Westminster Hall, at the bar of the House of Lords, as the appointed organ of the House of Commons, to open the articles of impeachment; and the accounts of all contemporaneous narrators concur in the representations of splendour and interest which were presented by that important occasion. Let us imagine that august scene! Let us suppose ourselves in that noble Hall, on which the lapse of centuries has conferred an additional interest to what is derived from its architectural magnificence, crowded with all that was illustrious by rank, power, and intellect; with the delegated and concentrated greatness, as it were, of the empire, there assembled, to hear the complaints of a people, separated from us by thousands of leagues, and by every conceivable variety of language, manners, and religion, and whose only claim to the attention of the congregated judges, arose from their dependent weakness, and their supposed miseries and oppression! Let us imagine that assembly, listening with breathless silence to the lawful eloquence of Sheridan and Burke, while denouncing the crimes of tyranny, depicting its horrors, and exposing its consequences with such searching power, that the gathered multitudes shook with sympathetic terror, and trembled at imaginary spoliations and visionary murders, as if committed under their eyes;—the greatest efforts of those great men, thus concentrating their mighty talents to the cause of Liberty, and laying them as a votive offering on the sacred altar of justice!

It is in vain to look at the whole compass of history for a spectacle more imposing. The prosecution of Verres, on the complaint of the people of Sicily, like that of Lord Strafford, for his government in Ireland, (which are the only proceedings in ancient or modern annals that I know of at all analogous to it,) referred to tyrannies of much less extensive kind; to misconduct of delegated rulers over neighbouring islands of the mother state, and over a people whose complaints could easily reach the seat of imperial government. The prosecution of Verres was soon discontinued; and the orations of Cicero, which remain for the pleasure of mankind, are full of invectives which were never pronounced, and may be regarded as merely rhetorical compositions. The impeachment of Lord Strafford, indeed, was carried to a complete and successful termination, and the great Wentworth exonerated his apostacy on the scaffold, while affording an additional proof of the little faith that "should be placed in Princes." But

Mac 22-235.

the charges against him, though weighty, were few; the evidence was not complicated or multitudinous, and the trial was of manageable extent, and was concluded in a reasonable period.—*From an admirable Lecture on the Writings and Character of Burke, by A. A. Fry, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.*

The Gatherer.

Funeral of the Pretender.—The following account of the funeral of the Pretender, who died December 30, 1765, is extracted from a letter, dated Rome, January 30, 1766:—The pretender being dressed in royal robes, with the crown upon his head, the sceptre in his hand, and upon his breast the arms of Great Britain, in gold and jewels, was carried in private to his own parish church, and laid upon a bed of state, above which was a throne suspended from the ceiling: on the top of the throne were the figures of four angels holding the crown and sceptre; and at each corner a figure of death looking down. From the canopy were suspended four large pieces of drapery of purple silk, on which, at the distance of every six inches, was a row of gold lace, lined with white fringe; this drapery was parted, and hung to the capitals of four columns on each side of the church, which was hung with black cloth, enriched with ornaments of gold. The church was full of chandeliers, with skeletons holding wax tapers. After laying three days in state, during which period none were allowed to enter except the Italian princes and the English, he was carried, upon the same bed of state, to St. Peter's, to be buried. The procession proceeded in the following order: the children of the different schools; twelve companies of fifty men each, in ancient and different dresses, with tapers; about one thousand friars of different orders, with torches; the singing boys of St. Peter's, dressed in purple silk gowns; and about fifty canons, singing hymns. Round the body was the English College, and four cardinals upon mules, covered with purple velvet trappings; the chevalier's servants, in twelve coaches, lined with black velvet, closing the procession.

W. G. C.

A Florentine, of the name of Carletti, introduced the use of chocolate into Italy: it passed from Spain into France with Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XIII., and it was not till the latter end of the 17th century, that the manufacture of it became at all general in France.

H. M.

Character of the people of Berlin, by a Prussian.—“Berlin is a scene of constant intrigue. We don't all drink, we don't all pray—but we all intrigue. From the prince to the peasant, each has his *affaire d'amour* in hand, and we care very little if all the world know it.”—*Gleig.*

A hardy seaman, who had escaped one of the recent shipwrecks upon the coast, was asked by a good lady how he felt when the waves dashed over him. He replied, “We, madam, very wet.”

The following legend, relating to the statue of St. Januarius, at Pozzoli, near Naples, is given by a modern traveller:—The Saracens, in one of their expeditions to the kingdom of Naples, having wantonly defaced the statue, by breaking off its nose and carrying it away, the wind began to blow so violently that they found it impossible to put to sea. At last some of them said that they thought it was owing to the resentment of the image, which would not be appeased as long as its nose was in their possession; whereupon a council was held, at which it was determined to throw it into the sea, which they had no sooner accomplished than fine weather immediately succeeded, and they set sail for their own country. In the meantime a number of artists had endeavoured to repair the image with a new nose, but neither art nor force could fasten one on; at length some fishermen took up the original nose in their nets, but not knowing what it was, they threw it again into the sea; nevertheless, the nose continued to offer itself to their nets in whatever place they were fishing. At last, one of the fishermen having suggested that it might be the nose of the saint, they applied it to the statue, to examine whether it fitted, when it immediately, without any cement, united so exactly, as scarcely to leave any appearance of its having been detached.

W. G. C.

The original mode practised of Advertising.—In the early part of the reign of Elizabeth, it was customary, when any person had lost any property, or in want of any, or had articles for sale, to affix a bill on one of the doors of St. Paul's church. The advertisements were always headed with the word “*Siquis*,” (from *Scil. invenire*, to find.)

“Sawt thou en *Siquis* patch'd on Paul's church doore.”

To gain some vacant vicarage before?”

Decker, in his *Gala Horne Booke*, says, “The first time that you enter into Paules, pass through the body of the church like a porter; yet presume not to fetch so much as one whole turne in the middle ile, nor to cast an eye on *Siquis* doore, pasted and plastered up with serving mens supplications, &c.”

It is not perhaps generally known, that the first house ever numbered in London was the one abutting east of Northumberland House, Strand.

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